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Memoir of the Life

OF THE

RT. REV. WILLIAM MEADE, D.D.

BY

PHILIP SLAUGHTER, D.D.

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RT. REV. WILLIAM MEADE, D.D.,

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Virginia.

BY

PHILIP SLAUGHTER, D.D.,

HISTORIOGRAPHER OF THE DIOCESE.

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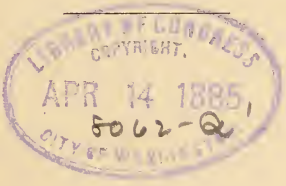

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MEMOIR.

We live in a transition age. Primitive beliefs are disintegrating and combining into new forms, preparatory, we are told, to a higher life. The present age seems to look upon itself with as much complacency, and upon the past with as much contempt, as if it had solved the problem of spontaneous generation, which has so long baffled the biologists; or as if, like Love in Aristophanes, "it had been hatched from the egg of Night," and all of a sudden spread its bright wings over primeval darkness. The incoming flood threatens to sweep away the old landmarks, and obliterate the footsteps of the fathers. As our ancestors in England and in Virginia used, at short intervals, to "perambulate" in formal processions their plantations and parishes to restore the fallen landmarks and renew the fading inscriptions upon the line-trees, so it seems to some a pious office to revive the memory of the historical heroes who "blazed" the way in the wilderness for the churches and commonwealths to come, and sowed the seeds of the harvest which we are gathering into our garners. The canonizing of saints would be a good thing, if only we had Falstaff's instinct to discern the true prince. Principal Shairp, of Edinburgh, thinks that the universal church should have a *catena* of the lives of the best men of each age as the strongest of external evidences, exhibiting Christianity not as a system of doctrines so much as a power of life. Such a man was William

Meade, one among the last of those old Virginians, of whom only a few yet linger in the horizon, as if loth to part with the past, and waiting to see the future come.

In view of the fact that Bishop Meade began an autobiography to prevent too partial friends from heaping "heightened eulogies" upon him, and of his dying declaration that he repudiated all commendation of himself as "inconsistent with his consciousness of sin," one who respects his wishes dare not desecrate his memory with indiscriminating praise. And yet if the theory of the great Hero-Worshipper be true, that a genuine sincerity is the foundation of heroic character; and that other elements of it are a clear, deep-seeing eye, a large heart, faith in the Invisible, a high disdain of all cant and shams, a lofty ideal, and the courage to dare and do, and if need be to die, for its realization, — then the naked truth of history can but enroll his name among those heroic characters whose memory a grateful posterity will not willingly let die.

As to his consciousness of sin, it has been well said that "the greatest of all sin is to be conscious of none." The "nulla pallescere culpa" is the fruit of pagan, not of Christian culture, whose standards of morality are as wide asunder as the poles. Bishop Meade did not judge himself by the law of honor, that is, "What will men say?" but he lived as if he were conscious that the great Task-master's eye was upon him. This is the key which unlocks the secret of his self-denying and laborious life, making it a glorious warfare, crowned with the victor's wreath, instead of a series of Quixotic tilts against imaginary ghosts and veritable windmills.

It is a significant fact that a New England Historical Society should wish, after the lapse of many years, to place Bishop Meade's portrait in its gallery of historical pictures. And yet, when we call to mind the relations

between Bishops Griswold and Eastburn and the Bishop of Virginia, and the contributions of the latter to history, nothing could be more fitting and graceful than this tribute.[1] It is in response to this call that this outline of Bishop Meade's life is sketched. The limits prescribed are too small for a rounded biography. To fill up this outline the reader must consult the documents in Bishop John's memorial, the journals of Convention, and the historical writings of Dr. Hawks.

A member of the family, who had a taste for genealogy, traced Bishop Meade's ancestry to Thomas Cromwell, a blacksmith of Putney, who was the father of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whom Henry VIII. caressed as long as that statesman was useful to him, and then beheaded. The genealogist thought that this Earl was the uncle of Oliver Cromwell. But he was probably mistaken, as when a Romish Bishop of Gloucester courted Oliver's favor by dedicating a book to him, and by claiming a common descent from Lord Cromwell, Oliver replied with warmth, "The Earl of Essex is in no degree related to me!" The root of the family in America was Andrew Meade, a Roman Catholic, who came to New York late in the eighteenth century, and married Mary Latham, a Quaker of Flushing, — "a heterogeneous kind of union," said Mr. Meade, "less obnoxious to nature than to bigotry." Those who believe in the transmission of hereditary traits by descent may well think that it would be quite in the course of nature for the union of these extremes to issue in that evangelical churchmanship of which Bishop Meade was so pronounced a type. Andrew Meade removed with his wife to Nansemond County, Virginia, where he amassed a handsome fortune, and built a fine house with an avenue of trees leading to

[1] When Bishop Meade, while at Bishop Griswold's house, learned that the gentle footsteps which he heard every morning at his door were those of his host cleaning his boots, he said that, while mortified at this menial office at such hands, he looked back to it as an act of the most touching hospitality he had ever received.

the church at Suffolk. He became a vestryman, and must, therefore, have abjured his allegiance to the Roman Church, that having been at that time a condition precedent to being a vestryman. He was known as honest Andrew. His son David married Susanna, a daughter of Governor Everard, of North Carolina, and grand-daughter of Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Hence the names Everard and Kidder, so common in the family to this day.

The issue of David and Susanna (Everard) Meade were five sons and two daughters. One of the daughters married Richard Randolph, of Curles, a descendant of the Princess Pocahontas. The three elder sons were sent to Harrow, England, and put under the care of Dr. Thackery, principal of the school, and Archdeacon of Surrey, having for school-fellows Sir William Jones, Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Parr. Richard K. Meade, the Bishop's father, witnessed the execution of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, who sometimes preached to the boys, as afterwards, when aid to Washington, he witnessed the execution of Major André, of which he had official charge. The sad sight moved him to tears, as Washington is said to have wept when he signed the death-warrant.

After returning to America, Richard K. Meade, in his nineteenth year, married Jane, daughter of Richard Randolph, of Curles, the aunt of John, of Roanoke, who always called him Uncle Kidder. Richard Kidder was of the party who daringly removed the arms from Governor Dunmore's palace, and lodged them in the magazine at Williamsburg. He was in the battle of the Great Bridge, and illustrated the persistency which his son inherited, by saying, "I'll see this matter out or die!" He sold his fine estate of Coggins Point on James River; distributed all but three thousand dollars of the proceeds among his relatives; and through a friend invested this sum in the rich lands of the valley of Virginia, which proved to be such a for-

tunate speculation that he called it, when it became his home after the war, Lucky Hit. He was taken into Washington's family as one of his aids; and he used to say that Hamilton did the headwork of Washington's staff, and he the riding. When Washington, at the close of the war, took leave of his aids, he said to Hamilton, "You must go to the Bar, which you can reach in six months;" and to Colonel Meade, "Friend Dick," as he familiarly called him, "you must go to your plantation; you will make a good farmer, and an honest foreman of the grand jury." This prediction was literally fulfilled. Colonel Meade's teacher at Harrow said if he did not become a great scholar, he would be something better, — "vir probus." When Colonel Meade some years later visited Mount Vernon, he and Washington met at a pair of draw-bars, when both dismounting, Washington insisted that as host it was his privilege to take down the bars; to which Colonel Meade replied, "Well, General, I will be your aid still!"

Colonel R. K. Meade, born July 14, 1746, married December 10, 1780, Mrs. Mary Randolph, widow of William Randolph of Chatsworth, born November 9, 1753. She was a daughter of Benjamin Grymes, lineal descendant of Lieutenant-Colonel Grymes of Cromwell's army, and his wife, Miss Fitzhugh of Chatham. Colonel Meade had by his first wife no issue that survived her. By his second wife he had four daughters and four sons. Colonel Meade, who was expert with mechanical tools, aided in building a dwelling of logs, with two rooms, on his plantation, Lucky Hit, in Frederick County; and here, on the eleventh of November, 1789, William, the future bishop of Virginia, was born. The days of his boyhood were passed under the wings of his mother, one of those virtuous women, whose price is far above rubies, "who opened their mouths with wisdom, and on whose lips was the law of kindness;" striving to realize Solomon's

beautiful ideal of a housewife, "whose children rise up and call her blessed." From her he received the rudiments of his education, which in those days included instruction in the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

From his tenth to his seventeenth year he was under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wiley, who taught a classical school at Carter Hall, the seat of Nathaniel Burwell, Esq. Mr. Wiley, being a fine scholar, was afterwards professor of languages in St. John's College, at Annapolis, Maryland. Major Thomas Ambler, one of William's school-fellows, who survived him, described William as a warm-hearted, spirited boy, hardy and athletic, devoted to the sports of the field, forest, and stream, little caring for hat or shoes. At Carter Hall there was a garden enclosed with a high wall. In it was forbidden fruit, pleasant to the eyes which saw it, nodding, as it were, upon the topmost boughs. The temptation was irresistible. It was a repetition of the old story, minus "the old boy," whose subtle insinuations were not needed to whet the appetites of the young boys. They held a council of war, and Willie, who to his dying day had a weakness for fruit, volunteered to scale the wall. He succeeded; and as he climbed the pear-tree, Colonel Burwell appeared upon the scene. The instruments of discipline for such offences in those days was a negro man in front, and a keen hickory in the rear. Colonel Burwell was magnanimous; only telling Willie to eat as many pears as he could, but not to carry any to the other boys, who had not the pluck to incur the peril, and must not share in the spoils. Once in playtime he ran to a stream near the playground, and succeeded, not in capturing, but in hanging an eel. When he got back the school was in, but he was so full of his exploit that he could not refrain from whispering it to boy after boy. Mr. Wiley overhearing the whisper, fastened a paper on Willie's back, on which was written in large letters, "William Meade hung an

eel." This adventure of the boy was not prophetic of the man, who seldom hung anything that he did not hold.

On November 6, 1806, William Meade, with William H. Fitzhugh, matriculated in Nassau Hall, Princeton, New Jersey. He became a hard student, reading ten hours a day, and regretting that he could not, on account of weak eyes, give fourteen hours of the twenty-four to study. His letters to his kinsfolk rang with a joyous tone, and overflowed with humor, in which there lurked a vein of mischief. He looked back to the dancing school and to his fair partners as to his golden age. In 1807 his studies were suddenly arrested by the outbreak of a great rebellion, when he and one hundred and fifty of his fellows were dismissed for refusing, upon a peremptory demand, to take their names from a paper offensive to the Faculty. Here his ministering angel interposed, and, by command of his mother, he made proper acknowledgments, and was reinstated, and thus saved from a secular life. This incident calls to mind an epitaph upon a tomb on Mount Parnassus, reared by a son to his mother, and inscribed with the words: "Rest in peace, O my mother! Your son will always obey you." Renewing his studies, he was graduated at the Commencement in 1808, sharing the first honor with two others, adjudged of equal merit. The Cliosophic Society, on September 3, 1808, addressed to him a letter of congratulation, expressing their delight at the triumph of one of their members, and conferring upon him their diploma, the highest reward of distinguished merit that Cliosophians give. The Valedictory, a recognition of superior scholarship and excellence as a speaker, was assigned to him. His collegiate career was gracefully crowned by the following letter, without date, addressed by the President to his mother: —

Madam, — I have the pleasure to inform you that your son has just finished his course of college studies with great credit

to himself. His talents, his application, his principles and morals, may justly afford a virtuous and affectionate parent the purest consolation. It will not be long, I hope, before you embrace a son worthy of you. With the greatest respect and best wishes for your happiness, I am, Madam,

Your obedient and humble servant,

SAMUEL SMITH.

After his graduation he spent some months in rest and recreation at home, which he improved by contracting an engagement to be married. While at college he had made up his mind to study for the ministry, of which he had never thought until it was suggested by his mother and sister, Mrs. Page. As there were no theological seminaries then, the alternatives were to return to Princeton as a resident graduate, or to become an inmate of some minister's family. His cousin, Mrs. Custis, fearing lest he had not an adequate sense of the responsibilities of the ministry, and was entering it blindfold, had proposed that he should pursue his studies under the direction of that gentle shepherd, the Rev. Walter Addison of Maryland, and be inspired by his humble example. Accordingly, in November, 1808, the young postulant entered the private oratory of the devout Mr. Addison.

As religion was the primary thing in Bishop Meade, the ruling force which determined his character and career, it is interesting to trace its genesis, from its first visible germ in the nursery through the several stages of its growth, until it flowered into a distinct consciousness that he "had passed from death unto life." The seed had been planted in the virgin soil of his infant heart, and its first germinations had been watched by the loving eye, watered by the tears, and tended by the skilled hand of his mother, who habitually looked to God "to give the increase." He did not remember a time when he did not "think himself a subject of the operations of the Holy Spirit." When he was transplanted

to the School and the College he found himself in a new atmosphere, and with a different environment. His mother was not there to call him to prayer, and pray with him. Boys have their law of honor, which does not often coincide with the law of God. What the boys think and say and do is the law of their miniature republics. Under these influences his spiritual growth was dwarfed, if not arrested. But happily there were influences streaming upon him, through letters from his mother and sister, and that other beautiful soul, Mrs. G. Washington Custis of Arlington, whose perennial piety diffused its fragrance in the gay atmosphere of her elegant home, like that peculiar jessamine which blooms in the open air amid the snows of winter. These influences touched him at the turning points of his life, as when his mother's authority sent him back to college, and again suggested to him the thought of studying for the ministry, when the Bar was the goal at which he aimed. Once more Mrs. Custis was the instrument of withdrawing him from college, when she feared he was going "blindfold" into the ministry, and retiring him to the private oratory of Mr. Addison, where he might reap

> "The harvest of the quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

It may not be here amiss to note the religious books which left their impress upon him. Books of the evangelical type were rare in those days. Blair's sermons were the fashion. In the words of that prince of Virginian preachers, Devereux Jarratt, the people were told from the pulpit "to walk in the primrose paths of a sublime morality, instead of 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'" Mr. Meade speaks of having read with advantage, in his sixteenth year, the Essays of Vicesimus Knox and the writings of Addison, — books which, however adapted to improve one's tastes and morals, had not fervor enough to stem

the tide of worldliness and incoming infidelity. While he read devoutly such books as he took with him to Princeton, he names only one, Young's Night Thoughts, a favorite of his mother, — a book which Bulwer pronounced one of the greatest poems in the language. At Mr. Addison's, books of another type were put into his hands. Of these he only mentions two, Soame Jenyns on Internal Evidences of Christianity, and Wilberforce's Practical View. It was after reading the former, he says, that he first got a clear and satisfactory view of the necessity and reasonableness of the propitiation for sin by our Blessed Lord. "I shall never forget," he adds, "the time, the instrument, and the happy effect; and how I rose once and again from my bed to give thanks to God for it." And of Wilberforce's book he said, "It gave a direction and color to my whole life." It is worth remembering that Wilberforce, the idol of society, and one of the stars in that constellation of statesmen who illuminated the British Senate in the time of Pitt, and who almost single-handed slew the gigantic slave trade, should have written a book which revolutionized religion in the higher and middle classes; which so edified the great Burke in his last days, that he thanked the author for having written it, — a book of which seventy-five thousand copies were printed in six months, and whose influence was diffused over the Continent by its translation into the French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Dutch tongues. It is curious that Wilberforce derived his religious impulse from his aunt, who got hers from Whitefield; and thus is brought to light a chain connecting two centuries and two continents, through an influence flowing from George Whitefield to William Meade, the future Bishop of Virginia.

Mr. Meade's eyes again failing, he returned home, and after resting them, repaired to Princeton in the summer of 1809 to pursue his theological studies, as a resident

graduate. Soon after reaching Princeton he was seized by a fever, which was nigh fatal. When sufficiently recovered, he went home. On the thirty-first of January, 1810, he married Mary, daughter of Philip Nelson of Frederick County, and granddaughter of Governor Nelson of Yorktown. His mother gave him a farm without a house, and he went regularly to work, helping to burn the lime, build the house, plough the first field, and sow the seed, which he continued to do for many years. He resolved in the outset to incur no debt, and adhering to this resolution, was able to keep his land until it had so risen in value, as to enable him to give his children as much as he desired they should have to begin life with, while many of his friends sacrificed their lands rather than economize labor and style of living.

The necessary manual labor incident to this period of his life, while it increased his bodily strength, interfered seriously with his theological studies. Thus, he says, "The weakness of my eyes, my sickness at Princeton, my early marriage, and consequent necessity of manual labor, prevented even a moderate share of theological preparation for the ministry." It was this experience, doubtless, which led him in his lectures to students on Pastoral Theology, to warn them against precipitating themselves into matrimony.

After receiving from Bishop Madison the resolution of some doubts, suggested by an old canon, about the incompatibility of servile labor with the ministry, Mr. Meade made arrangements for ordination. Williamsburg, the Episcopal see of Virginia, was distant two hundred miles from Mountain View, his home in the valley, west of the Blue Ridge. It was just past midwinter; it was very cold, and the ground was covered with snow; but nothing daunted, the young cavalier-candidate for orders, in his twenty-first year, mounted his horse, and over country roads and unbridged rivers wended his weary

way to Williamsburg, and presented himself in a full suit of "homespun" to the bishop of the diocese. Bishop Madison and Dr. Bracken examined him before breakfast. On their way to church they met the students with dogs and guns, harking to the chase. It was the twenty-fourth of February, 1811, and even in that climate the citizens were filling their ice-houses. The church was cheerless. "Through broken panes the chill winds blew." The congregation consisted of fifteen gentlemen and three ladies, chiefly relatives of Mr. Meade. There was no ordination sermon. When the ordination and communion offices were over, the newly made deacon was "put into the pulpit to preach." The scene was so sad, that Mr. Meade wondered, says Mrs. Nelson, of York, if it was emblematic of his ministry. The following Sunday he spent in Richmond, on his way home. The only church in the city, Old St. John's, on the Hill, was never open except on communion occasions. The only services were held in a room in the capitol, where Dr. Buchanan, Episcopal, and Dr. Blair, Presbyterian, the two parsons, whose friendship has become historical, officiated on alternate Sundays. Mr. Meade pursued his journey home over the same road, which somewhat later he travelled from the convention composed of seven ministers, which sat in a committee room at the capitol; and having just read Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, he found himself reciting, "Lost, lost, lost!" in view of the state of the Church.

Reaching home, he began his ministry, as assistant to Dr. Belmaine, rector of Frederick Parish, in Frederick County, in which were two churches, one at Winchester, where Dr. Belmaine lived, and the Stone Chapel about seven miles from Mountain View.

There has been much confusion of dates and facts about Frederick Parish during Mr. Meade's incumbency. The truth is, Mr. Meade was assistant to Dr. Belmaine until the death of the latter in 1821. He thus became rector,

with Robertson, and afterwards Jackson, as assistants at Winchester, till 1827, when a new parish was cut off from Frederick, called Frederick Parish, Winchester, leaving only the Stone Chapel and Wickliffe Church in old Frederick Parish. Mr. Jones preached at Wickliffe, and Mr. Meade at the Stone Chapel, till Wickliffe was made a new parish in 1834.

Before the close of the first year of his ministry, an urgent call came from Christ Church, Alexandria, beseeching him to come to the help of a flock scattered by the unfaithfulness of previous pastors. He consented to go for a time, reserving the privilege of keeping up occasional services in his parish at home. In the vestry-book of Christ Church is the following entry: "Nov. 7, 1811. Mr. Meade having agreed to accept the same, the Vestry proceeded to induct him as rector of the parish." Here Mr. Meade first appears as a reformer. A beardless youth bearded the lions to their faces, and brought them to the Church's terms. He found a dumb congregation, with only a few feeble responses. He taught the little children to cry aloud in the Temple, and soon the old church resounded with the liturgy. Baptisms were made the occasions of family festivities on "christening cakes, etc."; and soon there was a general presentation of children in the church. Vestry-meetings had been dinner-parties; and after attending one he changed all that. His youth, zeal, doctrine, and musical voice attracted members of Congress to Christ Church, such as the unique John Randolph of Roanoke, and Milner — afterwards the Rev. Dr. Milner, whose praise was in all the churches. Francis S. Key, too, author of the "Star-spangled Banner" and of several religious hymns, began here that intimacy with Mr. Meade, which made him an earnest co-worker. Dr. Milner also probably received an impression, which gave direction to his life and a cast to his creed.

The Rev. Dr. Wilmer came to Alexandria, as rector

of St. Paul's, during Mr. Meade's incumbency of Christ Church. The present writer, in his address at the semi-centenary of the Seminary in 1873, has described the prominent part which this accomplished divine played in the revival of the Church in Virginia. It must suffice to say now that he and Mr. Meade set the ball in motion, which led to the election, in May, 1814, of the Rev. R. Channing Moore, D.D., to the episcopate of Virginia. Dr. Wilmer preached the Convention Sermon on that occasion, in which he said, "We want a bishop who has passed through the pangs of the new birth, and whose great theme shall be Christ crucified." Dr. Wilmer spoke like a son at the bedside of a dying mother, and, looking wistfully in her eyes for every sign of life, he exclaimed, "The torpor in which our Church lies may not be the sleep of death, but the crisis of the disease. Leaders of the armies of the living God," he cries, "arise, and let us redeem our honor and the honor of our venerable Church. The eyes of Virginia are fixed upon us, and the issues of life and death hang upon our deliberations. If we succeed, we shall have a memorial more grateful than stars and laurels, or than to be embalmed in a nation's tears." Never was a man fitter for such an exigency than Bishop Moore, "the old man eloquent," whose heart was a well of emotion. His gray hairs and trembling hands, his eyes overflowing with tears, and his tender appeals falling in musical cadences from his lips, united in producing a sensation hitherto unparalleled in Virginia. The effect was magnetic. As he apostrophized the old churches in ruins, his plaints were like the lamentations of Jeremiah, and whole congregations were melted to tears.

The time of Mr. Meade's returning to Frederick has never been definitely fixed in print by himself, or by his annalists. It is merely said to have been "in the spring, or after eighteen months." The vestry-book, under date

of March 25, 1813, says, "Mr. Meade's connection is about to be dissolved." As he, in the following May, represented Frederick in Convention, his leaving Alexandria must have been between the twenty-fifth of March and the twenty-fifth of May. Bishop Meade says in his Old Churches, "I went to Alexandria in October;" and in another place, he says he was in Alexandria about eighteen months. This, with the entry in the vestry-book, seems to point to the first of April as the exact date. He visited Alexandria in October, but was inducted on the seventh of November.

Mr. Meade instituted reforms in Frederick like to those put in practice at Alexandria. He established Sunday Schools, and catechetical classes; societies for ministerial education, for missions, for distribution of Bibles, books, and tracts, and for African colonization. He preached to the negroes on fifteen plantations, meeting them at breakfast-time at one place, and at dinner-time at the next; their masters consenting, at his instance, to this interruption in their daily labors. In one year, he reported the baptism of forty-eight colored children. By a bold stroke he silenced the clamor against "a hireling clergy," by firmly refusing any pecuniary compensation for his ministerial work. Like Saint Paul he did not repudiate the right of a minister of the gospel "to live of the gospel;" but, like Saint Paul, he resolved that the gospel from his lips should be "free of charge," and that his own hands should minister to his necessities. His parish, instead of being the only scene of his labors, was but the centre of a wide region, comprehending many waste places, which soon became fruitful, his own parish being so well trained as to be content with lay-services in his absence.

Mr. Meade was ordained presbyter in Alexandria, on the tenth of January, 1814, by Bishop Claggett, who put to him some hard questions in the metaphysics of

Divinity, and requested him to give, in the Latin tongue, an account of his faith. By request of the Convention, Mr. Meade preached, May, 1814, at the opening of the Monumental Church in Richmond, which was built on the site of a theatre which had been burned, in which the Governor and many of the leading citizens lost their lives. John Randolph, in a letter to Francis S. Key, says: — "Meade will preach to-morrow in the new church. All classes are eager to hear him. What an occasion for a man who would not sink under it! The congregation would like to have him establish himself here. No man could be more generally revered than he is." "Sunday evening," Mr. Randolph adds, "Meade explained why he should not allude to the theatre, and then gave a most excellent sermon on the pleasures of a true Christian life. He goes to Hanover, thirty-five miles, to preach at night. I fear he will wear himself out."

His life was crowded with events and labors of love. Our limited space will only allow us to run rapidly over the salient points. We cannot tell the story of the Theological Seminary, from its first conception in the mind of Dr. Augustine Smith in 1815; its feeble birth and collapse at William and Mary; its revival under the inspiration of William Wilmer, William Meade, William Hawley, and Francis S. Key, in Dr. Henderson's house in Georgetown, in 1818; its manipulation by the Convention; its transfer to Alexandria; its development there under the auspices of Drs. Keith, Wilmer, and Norris, to its culmination on Seminary Hill, — a lamp whose light cannot be hid. Like the light of the sun it circled the earth. Athens, eye of Greece, "lumen totius Graeciae," saw it and was glad; and has since dropped bitter tears at the tomb of the veteran missionary, Dr. Hill, and of his equally devoted wife, whose light has been shining for half a century on the ruins of human hearts, more sublime than the ruins of the Acropolis. Lighthouses have

been kindled along the western coast of Africa, and the martyrs sleep under her palm-trees. The bodies of Bishop Boone and of Parker are buried within the walls of the Celestial Empire; and from their dust the mission may rise in grander proportions, as the oaks of the forest strike their roots deeper and rise to a higher vantage-ground over the mouldering remains of their predecessors. The Right Reverend Channing Moore Williams and his aids yet live "to lighten" the Gentiles of Japan. The Seminary has sent into the domestic and foreign fields seven hundred and fifty sons, who have preached the gospel from Maine to Louisiana, and from Virginia to California and the Indian Territory; of whom, more than one hundred have officiated or are now ministering in Virginia. Of the alumni there have been twelve bishops, eight in the domestic and four in the foreign field.

Nor can I set forth in detail the account of the education society of which Dr. Wilmer, the first president, and Mr. Meade were the main pillars, and whose auxiliaries, rising like springs in the several parishes, poured their rivulets into the common reservoir which watered the Seminary. One word must be said for the commissary-general, Mr. C. F. Lee, by whose masterly management the barrel of meal was never wasted, nor did "the cruse of oil fail."

As to discipline in the diocese, Mr. Meade had from the beginning preached a crusade against horse-racing, card-playing, the theatre, and such like fashionable amusements, as inconsistent with a Christian profession; following it up with private admonitions in person, and by reasonings, remonstrance, affectionate entreaties, and by letters unknown to all but himself and the persons addressed. He knew the State well, and had seen the desolation wrought in families, and in society. He enumerated several counties, in which costly mansions, where an elegant hospitality had been dispensed, had lapsed into

the hands of strangers, and broad acres, which had waved with golden grain, were now overgrown with cedar and pine, the evergreen memorials of Virginia's prodigal sons. And he never ceased this crusade until, after angry opposition in many conventions, his views were embodied in the nineteenth canon of discipline, and in the canon disqualifying non-communicants for being deputies in convention. Family prayer, too, that thermometer of the religious temperature of the heads of houses, was revived by a form, which he had culled from the works of Bishop Wilson, a copy of which he found in the library at Arlington, and which had been presented to General Washington by a son of that bishop. This prayer, printed at his own expense, he sowed broadcast over the diocese, along with the Prayer-book and tracts, which were issued by the Virginia Publication Society, of which Dr. Wilmer was the originator and president.

In 1819 Mr. Meade went to Georgia, as "Commissioner" for the release of recaptured Africans who were about to be sold; and succeeded in his mission. In going to and returning from the South, he was active in establishing auxiliaries to the American Colonization Society, and prosecuted his mission through the Middle to the New England States. He did not believe the holding of slaves, in the circumstances of the South, to be a sin; but he maintained it to be the paramount duty of masters to give their negroes religious instruction. He emancipated his own slaves; but this experiment proved so disastrous to the negroes that he ceased to encourage it. In common with Jefferson, Monroe, and most of the leading statesmen of Virginia, he looked to Liberia as the door opened by Providence through which the negroes might gradually pass to their own country. The solution of the problem of Africa in America was America in Africa, — in the language of Governor Wise, "The black missionary for black Africa."

In 1826 he was recommended as assistant bishop of Pennsylvania; but some complications having arisen, which we have not space to explain, he in the interest of peace, peremptorily, against the protestations of his friends, withdrew his name, declaring that he would not accept the office if tendered. In 1827 William and Mary College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1828 Bishop Moore, in view of his age and infirmities, asked for an assistant. On the twenty-third of May Mr. Meade was elected assistant bishop of Virginia by the unanimous vote of the laity; and by all the clergy but two, who deposited blank ballots, because Mr. Meade did not so hold the validity of episcopal orders, as to warrant him in affirming the invalidity of all orders not episcopal. Some persons, thinking that future conventions should not be deprived of the privilege of choosing their bishop, proposed that the assistant should not be entitled to succeed the bishop without a new election. The House of Bishops objected to this restriction, but signed Dr. Meade's testimonials, and he was consecrated in Philadelphia, August 19, 1829. The restriction was removed in 1839.

Bishop Meade's first episcopal act was the consecration of a new church at Winchester, within the bounds of his old parish, on the thirtieth of October, 1829. Bishop Moore's visits, which had never reached the trans-Alleghany district, were now limited to tidewater and parts adjacent. Bishop Meade traversed the valley from the Potomac to the James River, and crossing the Blue Ridge returned through the Piedmontese district, confirming, ordaining, consecrating, and preaching, day by day, until he reached home. Here he remained preaching during Lent, confirmed his own parishioners at Easter, and proceeded on a visitation of Maryland. In 1830 he passed the Alleghany Mountains to Kanawha, and thence up the Ohio to Wheeling and Wellsburg, returning by

way of Romney. In 1831 he visited the infant churches in Kentucky and Tennessee, and a large area in Virginia. We give these details as a sample of the extent, variety, and arduous character of the labors of this unwearied worker, who, as Dr. Hawks said, cannot be classed with "unpreaching prelates."

Besides "the care of all the churches," which came upon him daily, he had more painful labors to perform. To make these intelligible it will be necessary to state briefly his relations to various religious and benevolent societies. Among them the first in his esteem was the Bible Society, which he looked upon as the spring of living waters from which the others were streams, which he valued in proportion to their nearness to the fountain and the purity of the streams. When the latter became muddied he refused to drink of them himself, or to be the channel of conveying them to others. His first printed production extant was in behalf of the Bible Society, in 1815, and in that there is the noteworthy statement, that out of sixty Bible Societies in the United States, eleven of them were in Virginia. His life-long interest in it is indicated by the fact that one of his last acts was to have, by a telegram, his name enrolled as a life-member of the new Bible Society of the Confederate States, with a donation in money. As long as the General Missionary Society was a voluntary institution he cordially sustained it, as he continued to do after it came under the care of the General Convention in 1835, until he thought the domestic branch of it was managed in the interests of party. He then gave his contributions to domestic missions through the Church Missionary Society of the West, established in Philadelphia. He continued to co-operate with the foreign committee. He preached a powerful sermon in behalf of the cause of temperance before the Convention in Staunton, in May, 1834. As to the Temperance Society, it appears from his letter to Bishop

Potter that he hesitated about joining in the crusade against wine, lest it should reflect upon what is said in the New Testament and upon its use in the Lord's Supper. His son is of the opinion that he ultimately adopted the teetotal pledge in theory, as he did in practice.

There being at the time no such institution in the Episcopal Church, he and Dr. Wilmer, as we have seen, established the Episcopal Prayer Book and Tract Society, and also patronized the American Tract Society, and Sunday-School Union. In 1826 the Episcopal Sunday-School Union was established, not by but during the General Convention. It was a voluntary society, and repeated efforts to make the General Convention its sponsor failed. Bishop Whittingham, Drs. DeLancy and Hopkins, agreed with Bishop Meade in opposing it. It being understood that it would be impartial as to the two parties in the Church, the Diocesan Convention cordially recommended it. But as, according to Randolph of Roanoke, Patrick Henry and George Mason saw the poison under the wings of the Federal Constitution, Mr. Meade discerned the party color in the Episcopal Sunday-School Union, in the form of an expurgated copy of Mrs. Sherwood's catechism, &c. Against this he earnestly protested, and a long, frank, and courteous correspondence ensued between him and Dr. Whittingham, the Secretary. A pledge was given that the books objected to should be withdrawn, and that on no future occasion should offence be given. But the society coming into new hands, who repeated the offence, Bishop Meade, in an octavo pamphlet of sixty pages, reviewed their course and their books. His statements were denounced as calumnious, and he, despairing of any change of policy, withdrew. Thus was sown the seed, from which, in 1847, the Evangelical Knowledge Society sprung.

In 1834, to "the care of all the churches" Bishop Meade added the special pastoral charge of Christ Church,

Norfolk, — one of the largest congregations in the diocese. This task he undertook with a view of harmonizing some discords, which prevented the calling of a minister. Bishop Meade spent two years in Norfolk, which he says were "among the happiest and most useful of his life," and were terminated when the Rev. Martin Parks was chosen unanimously as rector of Christ Church, and the Rev. Thomas Atkinson as rector of old St. Paul's, the latter having been ordained deacon by Bishop Meade while he resided in Norfolk.

In 1839 Bishop Meade was called, for a like reason, to take charge of St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, where he spent six weeks, during which there was a great awakening of religious interest, and a large addition to the communion, as there had been in Norfolk. All discord was hushed, and the vestry with one voice called the Rev. Nicholas, afterwards Bishop, Cobbs to the charge of St. Paul's. The writer succeeded Mr. Cobbs, and reaped some of the fruits of his successful ministry. Bishop Meade here closed his parochial labors, and devoted himself henceforth exclusively to those of the episcopate, which became each year more oppressive from increasing age and infirmities, he having now passed his meridian. Accordingly, in his address to the Convention of 1841, he asked some months' release from his labors. The response of the Convention was prompt and cordial; and he started for Boston to sail for England. On his way he received this note: —

Mount Vernon, April 23, 1841.

Will our honored and beloved Diocesan accept a staff cut from the tomb of the Father of his Country; and should weakness come over him in a far distant land, let this be in his hand, and remind him of his country, where so many affectionate hearts put up prayers to God for his safety and happiness. And in his prayers for those he leaves, will he sometimes remember

The Family at Mount Vernon.

On the third of May he sailed from Boston, and reached Liverpool on the fourteenth. He was absent four months, returning to the General Convention in New York in October. He enjoyed this recreation like a boy in play-time. The beautiful billowy green grass, the grand old trees, the churches and castles, and the like, enchanted him. His association with the bishops, with the Rev. Hartwell Horne, William Goode, and many other persons, was delightful, and he returned brimful and overflowing with pleasant reminiscences. He recorded his impressions in letters to the Southern Churchman.

Soon after his return home he was shocked and grieved by the sudden death of the loving and beloved disciple, Bishop Moore, who fell "in harness" while on a visitation of Lynchburg, on the eleventh of November, 1841. In his journal, he records his feelings at the death of him with whom he had lived so long as a son with a father, saying, "I find myself alone in the episcopate. O God, help me to do my duties more faithfully and more lovingly for the short time allotted to me!" On the eighteenth of May, 1842, he asked the Convention for an assistant, saying that for twelve years he had performed all the itinerant duties of the diocese, requiring eight months each year of successive services, from day to day, until his voice and strength were failing.

In response to his request, the Convention said that, in the opinion of his physicians and friends, the Bishop's health imperatively demands repose. Accordingly, the Rev. John Johns, D.D., rector of Christ's Church, Baltimore, was elected assistant bishop in May, 1842, and was consecrated in the Monumental Church, Richmond, October 13, 1842. Bishop Meade continued his visitations, often in much pain from disease of the heart, which he apprehended might at any moment end his life. Before Bishop Moore's death the Tractarian trouble was in the air; but Bishop Meade waited for his superior to give

the note of warning. The latter's loving heart shrank from controversy; but the time soon came when he was constrained to sound the alarm, and his trumpet gave no uncertain sound in the Convention of 1841. When Bishop Meade became the chief pastor he felt that his time had come to speak out, and do what in him lay to drive away the erroneous and strange doctrines, which were disturbing the peace of the Church. This he did very explicitly and powerfully in his address to the Convention of 1842. In view of the approaching General Convention, he prepared two very elaborate articles, found among his manuscripts, setting forth his opinion of the duty of the Church in this emergency. He also had published at his own expense an American edition of the very thorough works of his learned friend, the Rev. William Goode, Dean of Ripon, which in the opinion of Bishop Johns never have been, and never can be, answered.

For the reasons already stated, Bishop Meade and other bishops and clergymen founded the Evangelical Knowledge Society, during the General Convention of 1847 in New York. This society was the object of his warmest affections, which he cherished for the last fifteen years of his life with his pen and his purse and his episcopal influence. It was fiercely assailed from its inception as a secret conspiracy against the unity of the Church, hatched in the dark by men who were afraid of the light of day. It must, we think, be acknowledged now by all candid and well-informed survivors of the time that this clamor was both unjust and ungenerous. The writer was present at its inauguration, and can bear witness to the catholic spirit displayed by Bishop Meade, in favoring the widening of the platform by incorporating into the title of the society the word "knowledge," on motion of Bishop Eastburn, who thought the word "evangelical," pure and simple, might repel some in whose minds that word was associated with a narrow

party bias. And when a good man, more zealous than wise, opposed it, and was talking about Gideon and his little army, Bishop Meade, with a kind but commanding wave of the hand, set him down, and welcomed Bishop Eastburn into the society on his own terms. All the confident predictions of its adversaries were disappointed, and the society has done a good work, without disturbing the peace of the Church.

We have now reached the most painful period of Bishop Meade's life, and the saddest chapter in the history of the American Episcopal Church, namely, the trials of the three Bishops. We shall not descend to the details of these trials. Those who would form their judgments upon the law and testimony in these several cases, may consult the printed records. So far as our taste and feelings are concerned, we would rather turn away our eyes, and throw a veil over the nakedness of those right reverend fathers. Our concern here is to do justice to Bishop Meade without injustice to other persons, and with charity for all.

It is not to be presumed that any decent person would volunteer, without adequate motives, to be a prosecutor or swift witness in such cases. These bishops were the heads of the great dioceses of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, each with a large following of clergymen, animated by that *esprit de corps* which characterizes all homogeneous bodies of men, and whose church principles prompted them to rally around their bishop. They were also centres of social circles, filled with men of character, talent, and professional eminence. Most persons would naturally shrink from assailing those thus strongly intrenched. This would be specially true of pure-minded women, who would instinctively shrink from the public gaze and criticism, and more sensitively from being tortured by that terrible engine, a cruel cross-examination at the hands of skilled attorneys-at-law. It

can hardly be supposed that any motive could have impelled any sane person to such a sacrifice, unless he was constrained by stern duty, which Wordsworth beautifully calls the "daughter of the voice of God." And yet this was charged against the presenters, Bishops Meade, Otey, McIlvaine, Burgess, and Elliott, upon whose heads and those of their aiders and abettors, vials of wrath were poured out through the Press. Bishop Meade was singled out as the prime leader of the so-called persecution, — the Coryphaeus of a gigantic conspiracy to hunt down the innocent victims of heartless malice. Although he has long been acquitted by the grand jury of the people, it may be well to conclude this notice with the mature opinions of two eminent prelates, whose duty it was to study the whole case thoroughly, and whose reputations are without stain. I cite Bishops Johns and Hopkins. Bishop Johns, referring to this charge, says: —

> There were altogether but three instances of judicial discipline consummated or attempted "in this quarter of the Church." 1st. Bishop H. W. Onderdonk's, with which Bishop Meade had nothing to do, till placed on the Committee to whom the matter was referred in the House of Bishops; and there is no evidence of his action on the Committee further than to concur in the Reports and Resolutions, as submitted to the House. 2d. Bishop B. T. Onderdonk's, in which, of the three presenting bishops, Bishop Meade was the last, who agreed to engage in the enquiry which led to the trial. His name precedes the other two simply because he was their senior. 3d. Bishop Doane's, in which, as the correspondence shows, Bishop Meade was neither foremost in the proceedings, nor did he yield to the canonical requisition made upon him, until he had endeavored, as far as allowable, to excuse himself from the disagreeable duty. — Mem. p. 397.

And Bishop Hopkins closes his defence of the House of Bishops against the assaults of Horace Binney, Esq., by saying: —

And now I close my humble labor in defence of the House of Bishops. Much might be added, if I were inclined to notice the many sharp thrusts of our adversary, and especially his severe attack on Bishop Meade, my worthy and widely reverenced brother of Virginia. But on this field of remark I shall not enter. My object is to vindicate principles, not men, and men only so far as they maintain those principles, which constitute the praise and glory of the church throughout the world. Bishop Meade stands in no need of defence from me. His life is his defence; and I would to God that we could all appeal to the same evidence with equal safety. Our learned antagonist, however, seems to think it a matter of reproach that this eminent man has been the leader of all the presentments against the bishops. But who has the right to impeach the honesty of his motives, or the utility of his labors, in this most thankless and yet most important part of his official duty? Assuredly there are thousands in our land who have cordially approved it, while yet there might not be one amongst them all who would have undergone the odium, toil, and trouble of the task. As to myself, I lay no claim to the Christian boldness and fearlessness which it required. But yet I should esteem it an honor, far beyond any in my reach, if my epitaph should say "Here lies the body of a bishop, who was distinguished beyond all his brethren for his zealous, sincere, and consistent support of pure church discipline." — Mem. pp. 397–399.

There are few passages in history of a "sublimer aspect" than this of an old man, weary with labor and often throbbing with pain, yet ever presenting a serene and majestic front to the billows of wrath which beat upon him, as the firm rock withstands the angry sea. Moral courage is more rare, and of a higher order than physical. Scorn and ridicule try the courage more than hot shot. Animal courage, heightened by the sound of the trumpet and the soldiers' shout, may urge the warrior to scale the Redan, or rush up to the fires of Balaklava, who would cower before the finger of scorn. But these things moved not Bishop Meade.

"As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Time would fail to tell of Bishop Meade's "journeyings oft" and many labors, in the last years of his life. Besides traversing the whole diocese, he delivered lectures at the Seminary, and went as far as New Haven to attend a missionary meeting. On October 11, 1859, he, with the Bishops of Vermont, Louisiana, and Kentucky, consecrated the group of buildings at the Seminary, in Alexandria, called Aspinwall Hall, from their beneficent founder; and he delivered an address. In the same year he presided over the General Convention, at Richmond, composed of thirty-six bishops, one hundred and twenty-nine clerical, and one hundred and six lay deputies, which Bishop Johns suggests must have contrasted strangely in his mind with the Convention of seven clergymen, who elected Bishop Moore in 1814. As late as 1860 he visited all the congregations of Western Virginia, between the last of May and the first of July; attended the examinations at the High School and Seminary, in Alexandria; held an ordination; and during his vacation at home, in the heat of summer, preached in the neighboring churches. In the fall he visited the churches in Piedmontese Virginia, and after retiring into winter-quarters at home, he preached at Millwood, Berryville, and Winchester.

Bishop Meade saw with deep emotion the first speck of war in the horizon, when it was not bigger than a man's hand, and he prayed devoutly that it might pass away as the morning cloud. His correspondence with Bishop McIlvaine showed how intently he watched the political firmament. December 15, 1860, he writes about the bishops raising their voices for peace. "If the minister of the Prince of Peace can do nothing in the

interest of peace, how can we expect the selfish politicians to do it? I am almost in despair. I have put forth a form of prayer for the present crisis." January 12, 1861, he writes, "I believe that good sense, self-interest, and religion, with God's providence, will arrest the calamity of disunion." May 8, 1861, he says, "I have slowly and reluctantly come to the conclusion that we must separate." May 17, 1861, "We are in daily expectation of invasion. They outnumber us and have many advantages, but will be met with courage by those who believe that they are unjustly and wantonly assailed. Virginia may be soon drenched with the blood of the flower of her youth, and the strength of her manhood." Bishop Meade, though never meddling with politics, which is regarded in Virginia as out of the ministerial sphere, was of the Washington, Hamilton, and Marshall school; and clung to the Union till the Force Bill was passed, which made the South solid, as the first gun at Sumter did the North. To the Convention of 1860 he said, "It has pleased God to suffer a great calamity to come upon us. A deeper and more honest conviction that it will be on our part a war of self-defence, and therefore justifiable before God, seldom, if ever, animated the hearts of those who appealed to arms." He now seized the forlorn hope, that the separation might be a peaceable one, like that between Judah and Israel. "If I know my own heart," he said, "could the sacrifice of the poor remnant of my life have contributed in any degree to the preservation of the Union, such sacrifice would have been cheerfully made." He expressed an earnest desire "that the ministers and members of our Church, and all Virginians, should conduct the contest in the most Christian spirit, rising above all uncharitable imputations upon all who are opposed, since many are equally sincere on both sides. The Church in Virginia has more dear friends and patrons than others in the

North. The thought of separation from those so long dear to me is anguish to my soul, but there is a union of heart in our common faith and hope, that can never be broken." He commends to special prayer "those who have devoted themselves to the defence of the State, among whom a large portion of officers and soldiers belong to our communion. May they be faithful soldiers of the Cross, as well as valiant and successful defenders of the State!"

The Convention of May, 1861, was the semi-centenary of his ministry; and he preached the Convention sermon. It was like the swan-song of the sainted Simeon, or rather like Moses on Pisgah, taking a final view of the past, and a prospect of the promised land. In looking back,

> "Visions of the past
> Crowd on his memory fast."

His voice faltered as he spoke of the joys of his ministry, and the personal kindnesses he had received till his "cup was full," and running over; of the revival of the Church, so that dead formulas had become instinct with life, and dumb truths had found a tongue to utter them with unction; of the goodly company of preachers now met in the metropolis, where only a few despairing ones had assembled around a table in a committee-room of the capitol. He saw in the past cause for deep humiliation in the imperfection of his services.

"O God!" he exclaims, "Thou knowest my foolishness and my sins are not hid from Thee. Some painful duties I have had to do, alienating in a measure some friends I would have retained nearest my heart, making some enemies whose friendship I desired, and incurring censures I would have avoided, if it could have been done with a good conscience. I have spoken of the past fifty years; if the veil could be raised which hides the coming half century, the beginning of which is at our door, we might see garments rolled in blood, fields strewn with mangled bodies, cities crumbled into ruins."

When he said, as he had said in substance the day before, that if the sacrifice of his life could reunite the sections, which were frowning upon each other like cliffs that had been rent asunder, it would be gladly made, every one felt that this was no vain boast. Again, when the old patriarch said that if in the brief remnant of his life, his understanding, such as it was, should fail, "my friends will remember the injunction to children in behalf of a declining father, 'If his understanding fail, have patience with him and despise him not,'" his hearers felt that the offender would deserve the severest condemnation.

The diocese of Virginia was as slow in moving towards separation as the State was towards secession. Up to the Convention of May, 1861, she stood still, silently, but not without deep emotion, surveying the situation. The other Southern dioceses had drafted a constitution and called a provisional council in Columbia, South Carolina, for November, 1861; inviting the bishops and deputies of the seceded States to meet them. Accordingly the Convention of Virginia, in 1861, appointed a provisional committee, consisting of Bishop Johns, Dr. Sparrow, the Rev. John Grammer, Judge Gholson, R. H. Cunningham, and James Galt, to act in the interim as the exigencies of the time might demand, and also to represent the diocese in any Convention that might be held. On the twenty-fourth of May the Federal troops occupied Alexandria, and Bishop Meade returned to his home; and on the thirteenth of June, the day set apart by the President of the Confederate States for prayer and fasting, he addressed his old congregation at Millwood. The situation was peculiar. Two invading armies were approaching from opposite directions, and the temptation was strong to propitiate the coming invaders; but he held the balance even, and meted out to both parties what he conceived to be the measure of their sins. He said, in

substance, that historians and poets had painted in glowing colors the pomp and circumstance of glorious war; but the Word of God did not thus speak; on the contrary, it said that wars and fightings came of men's lusts, warring in their members. He then arraigned both sections for their sins of profanity, blasphemy, intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and sectional hate. The only wars that had any pretence for justification were those in defence of the rights of person and property; and even these were attended with so much sin and suffering, that they must be regarded as sore scourges and judgments of an angry God.

"I am no politician," he said, "but only an humble preacher of the Gospel; but could I be permitted to speak a word in the ear of the Administration and the Congress, which rule over almost boundless territory, with millions of people, destined to increase to thousands of millions, I would say, in the name of God and humanity, throw not away the noblest opportunity true patriotism and philanthropy ever gave to the rulers of the nations, to propose at once honorable terms, and let the separation be one of friends and not of enemies. What monument ever erected to the greatest generals of earth, for subduing and recovering revolted provinces for a few years, can be compared to the peaceable settlement of the great controversy now about to deluge the land with blood!"

The bishops of Virginia, with the deputies in the Convention, attended the Council at Columbia, and took part in the proceedings which led to the establishment of the Church in the Confederate States. As the stricken deer, pursued by the hunter, retraces its steps to the lair whence it started in the chase, so the old bishop, tossed upon the tide of war, once more seeks shelter from the tempest in the harbor of his own home. He issued an appeal to his people to look into their stores of food, their bed-clothing and the carpets upon their floors, to see what they could spare for the comfort of the soldiers

in the field, during the winter's cold. And then he went into winter-quarters at Mountain View, which hitherto had seemed to have the effect fabled of Antæus, whose strength was always renewed so soon as he touched his mother earth.

All animals have by nature what the French happily call "sites d'affections" — local attachments. Birds will compass sea and land to come back to the nests in which they were hatched, and the faithful dog will break the chain which detains him from his loved home, to which he joyfully runs after years of absence. In man, this instinct rises to the dignity of patriotism. The poets are the best interpreters of human nature, revealing by one luminous flash into the great deep of the heart treasures for which the philosopher slowly and painfully mines. When Goldsmith tells of the "untravelled heart" of his Traveller fondly turning from whatever realm he sees to his own home; when Walter Scott assumes that there is no man with soul so dead, who has never said to himself, "This is my own, my native land," they speak a language which finds an echo in all human hearts. The country may be barren, the home may be a cabin, but it is the nest of our infancy. We have been young and happy there as a bird under the wings of its mother. We love even the stones upon which we tread, and the trees under whose shade we have played.

This instinct is recognized and commended in Holy Scriptures by the pathos of the patriarchs, in the songs of the psalmist by the waters and willows of Babylon, by Saint Paul's "heart's desire" for his brethren according to the flesh; and culminates in our Saviour's touching apostrophe to Jerusalem. Bishop Meade had this instinct in large measure. He was a Virginian in every fibre of his soul and body; and of all Virginia the valley was the paradise to him, and in the physiognomy of the valley Mountain View was the most pleasing feature. It was

the home of his fathers; and in looking back from this point to the "blue mountains of his dim childhood," he saw, with what Howell calls "ancestral eyes," the parents from whom he derived his being, who had put the chart of life in his hands, and pointed him to the Star in the Heavens by which he should steer his course. Here were the mountain paths he trod in his boyhood, and the transparent streams in which he quenched his thirst, and bathed his limbs. Here were the scenes of his school-boy plays with the lads he loved, and the lasses with whom he danced on the green. His hands had helped to build the first house for the bride of his youth; had ploughed the first furrow in the farm, and sowed the first seed, when Mountain View was cut off from Lucky Hit, and set apart as his portion of the paternal estate. Often, when worn with work he came back, like a bird with weary wing, to this nest of his infancy, his youth was renewed like the eagle's amid these beautiful images of his early years. The writer will never forget when the Bishop, after presiding at the morning session of the Convention in Norfolk, asked him to walk with him to his lodgings. Upon reaching his chamber the Bishop threw himself upon his bed for rest. The writer was on the eve of sailing for Europe; and in talking about leaving home, the Bishop asked if he remembered the lines of Ovid, —

> Ter limen tetigi, ter sum revocatus, et ipse
> Indulgens animo pes mihi tardus erat;
> Saepe *vale* dicto rursus sum multa locutus,
> Et quasi discedens oscula summa dedi;
> Saepe eadem mandata dedi, meque ipse . fefelli,
> Respiciens oculis pignora cara meis.
> . . . . . .
> Roma relinquenda est. . . .
> Uxor in eternum vivo mihi viva negatur,
> Et domus et fidae dulcia membra domus.

He recited the lines with much feeling, adding that he could scarcely ever read them without tears. There

were other associations of a more sacred sort, as the lines suggest, which endeared his mountain home to him, and gave to Ovid's Tristia a peculiar pathos. Here he had lived happily with two loving and beloved wives.

Of his first marriage with Mary, daughter of Philip Nelson, who was the mother of his children, we have already spoken. She was taken from him, July 3, 1817. It was some comfort to him, he said, that she had died in his arms; that he "heard the last breath from her lips, and felt the last pulse in her veins. Just as the glorious sun arose, her spirit ascended to heaven, leaving a most unworthy but much attached husband and three motherless boys to mourn their loss." She was buried at the old chapel, under a marble slab, with this inscription, "Mary has chosen that good part, which never shall be taken from her." "A silent and loving woman is a gift from the Lord." Three years and a half after the death of his first wife he married, December 16, 1820, Thomasia, daughter of Thomas Nelson of Yorktown and Hanover, a woman of exemplary piety, and one of the sweetest singers in Israel, who often accompanied him upon his visitations, and raised the tunes in public worship. She cherished his children as if they had been her own. She died on the twentieth of May, 1836, and was buried at the Fork Church in Hanover, by the side of her grandmother, relict of General Nelson of York. The Bishop's Reminiscences of these godly women lay by him in manuscript for thirty years, and were then privately printed, being designed only for the eyes of his children.

Mountain View was also the scene of his life-long ministry, during which lines of relationship of the most sacred character were established between him and many successive flocks of parishioners, whom he had baptized, catechized, confirmed, married, taught from the pulpit and from house to house, and most of whom

he had buried in the Cemetery at the old chapel, to which he had always looked as the last resting-place of his own remains, when his work was done.

The present dwelling is the second upon the same site. The first, which he helped to build with his own hands, was an oblong, plain building of brick and wood, with an eccentric staircase running from the ground on the outside to a narrow point, which made the ascent to one's lodgings, for old folks, somewhat perilous. This was succeeded by a square brick tenement, to which in time two rooms of wood were added on the north, and later, two more on the east, one for the Bishop's chamber, and the other for his study,—a luxury which hitherto he had never enjoyed, his studies having been pursued like those of the "judicious Hooker" and of Scott, the commentator, amid the chattering of children in the chamber, affording an opportunity for testing the theory of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, that no student could continue long in a healthy religious state, unless his heart was kept tender by mingling with children, or with the poor and the suffering.

The surrounding grounds, comprising about twenty-five or thirty acres, are carpeted by a velvety greensward, like that on the blue-grass lands of Kentucky. The mansion faces the south; the front and rear grounds are adorned with native and transplanted trees, single and in groups; in the west is a grove of grand aboriginal oaks. To the east is the garden, producing grapes, evergreens, and flowers; and the orchard, with its choice fruits, planted by the Bishop's hands or under his eye. At his study window was a fine cedar, plucked by the roots from the walls near the ceiling of the historical church in the Isle of Wight. Among the evergreens were some from the cliffs of the Kanawha and other rivers of Virginia, and a cedar from Mount Lebanon. There was also a willow from the tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena. The Bishop

used to carry an oilcloth to wrap such shrubs as he fancied in his visitations. Each tree had its story, and it was pleasant to him to rehearse it to his sympathizing guests. The Blue Ridge, at whose base runs the Shenandoah River, bounds the eastern view, and far away to the south rise the peaks of the Fort Mountain, visible on a clear day, — a freak of nature which the Bishop admired, not only for its physical features, but for its real and its fancied historical associations.

The Massanutten Mountain, from a point near New Market, runs northeast in a single chain, corresponding to the windings of the Shenandoah River. Nearly opposite to Luray it parts into two parallel chains, inclosing a valley twenty-five miles long, and of a mean breadth of three miles, and traversed by a bold mountain stream, called Passage Creek. The east and west Fort Mountains draw very near each other at their terminations, nearly opposite Strasburg. Through the narrow gorge the creek issues, leaving barely room for a road, which in part runs in the bed of the creek. The mountains rise perpendicularly one thousand feet, crag upon crag, accessible only to birds, which make their nests in the rocks. It is a natural fort, and hence its name. Washington was heard to say that, if he was driven from the east by the foe, he would make his last stand in this stronghold. This mountain was in the parish of General Muhlenberg, who doffed his gown for a soldier's uniform at the outbreak of the Revolution, and may have suggested the idea to Washington, who, however, in his youth was surveyor for Lord Fairfax, whose seat, Greenway Court, was within a few miles of Mountain View. Bishop Meade fancied that he saw in these mountains a striking likeness to the mountains of Edom, as described in Holy Scripture; and it was delightful to hear him speculate upon these things, and upon Jefferson's theory that the valley of Virginia was once a great lake, whose waters burst their barriers

at Harper's Ferry, making scenery so grand that it was worth a voyage over the Atlantic to see it. Bishop Meade thought that the valley of the Fort might have been a little lake within the great one. He, like David, was an ardent lover of nature, offering sacrifices of praise upon her rocky altars. The blue illuminated pages of the heavens, and the green picturesque pages of earth, were to him a real revelation. No one could have more heartily sympathized with the sweet Psalmist of Israel, to whose eyes and ears all nature seemed so animated and vocal, that he called upon sun, moon, stars, and light, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, and all green things upon earth, to praise the name of the Lord. "How often," said he, "did my wife and I, with the boys playing around us, walk over our little farm rejoicing in its riches, and admiring the woods and mountains around us, and our small fields richly clad with grass, and beautifully blooming with clover." Like David, too, he was a keeper of sheep, preferring to derive his living from flocks, and disliking to have the green turf turned under by the plough.

At a later period, he was often accompanied in his walks by his grandchildren, hanging to his hands, and climbing over his shoulders. At such times he relaxed, like a bow which had been too highly strung, recovering its elasticity when the strings were loosed. If those who thought him a cold and hard man could have seen him in these hours of "abandon" to the bliss of home, when his affections, pent up in pursuit of duty and discipline, welled over in words of tenderness and acts of kindness, it would have softened their censure. And if they could have known how he contented himself with simple fare and the plainest plain furniture, and with homely apparel and equipage, that he might accumulate funds from which his charities flowed through unseen channels into the treasuries of religious societies, into scantily furnished rectories, the

dwellings of the poor, and the asylums of the widow and the orphan, they would have applauded that modest charity which, hiding itself from the eyes of men, could patiently wait for its open reward in heaven.

But it may be said we are trying to paint a perfect portrait. We reply, with reverence, "God forbid!" In the annals of human history there is but one spotless page on which the eye of a Holy God can look with hallowed joy, — the page which records the life and death of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. The sun has its spots; and those who have a taste for it may spy them through the telescope; but most people would rather admire and rejoice in the light and warmth and beauty and bliss which the sun dispenses, than look through magnifying-glasses at its spots. It was a principle with him not to flatter others, or to accept flattery from them; and this rule made him, perhaps, wanting in what we call the courtesies of life. He would not seek "to use men by playing upon their vanity or other weaknesses," and he could not be swayed in that way. "Perhaps," said Dr. Sparrow, "he did not always make due allowance for difference of temperament and manners, and may thus have forfeited some very superficial popularity." But discerning men saw through these outside shows his genuine benevolence, sterling integrity, and honored him accordingly. In estimating character, Carlyle has well said, the pertinent question is not how much chaff can you find, but how much wheat.

The time of harvest for him was now nigh at hand, and like a ripe shock of corn he was ready for the sharp sickle of the reaper. His study during his last winter had been in the Prophets; but he was soon to pass from the mount of faith to the mount of vision, and see the substance of what the prophets saw in shadows. But we must let the curtain fall upon this scene of pastoral beauty. The next scene will be a tragedy.

Owing to the state of the country, it had hitherto been impossible to get together three bishops for the consecration of the Rev. R. H. Wilmer, D.D., to the episcopate of Alabama. Bishop Meade, being the presiding bishop of the Church of the South, was very unwilling that this consecration should be again deferred, and made an appointment for it to take place in St. Paul's Church, Richmond. Though suffering from a deep cold, he hazarded his life by leaving home on an inclement day to meet the appointment. His son, the Rev. R. K. Meade, met him at Gordonsville, and says that when his father entered the train he was coughing and panting for breath, so that he could scarcely speak. On the appointed day, being unable to be present during the whole service, he walked up the aisle, evidently in pain, but with his usual placid dignity, and took his seat in the chancel just before the act of consecration. Bishops Johns and Elliott helped him from his chair to his feet, supporting him, and joining with him in the imposition of hands, "while his voice. once of such sweetness and compass, now trembling and broken, uttered the Apostolic commission." A feeling of mingled awe and sympathy and sadness seemed to shroud the sanctuary. The newly-made bishop must have been deeply impressed by the fact that the first and last official act of the presiding bishop of the South was the consecration of the son of his earliest and ablest co-worker in the revival of the Church in Virginia; and that this supreme effort of the aged patriarch hastened his death, if it did not cost him his life.

He returned from the church to the hospitable home of his friend, Mr. J. L. Bacon, where he was nursed with as much tender care and loving sympathy as if he had been in the bosom of his family. The flushed wave that tided him over the office of consecration, awakened hopes that it might bear him back to his home. The writer, who saw him a few days after, with his usual measured

tread pacing Mr. Bacon's basement sitting-room, had no apprehension that the end was so near. But the tide soon began to ebb. His limbs, which had been so long the obedient servants of his strong will, gradually ceased to respond to its bidding. When Bishop Johns entered the room on Monday, March 17, Bishop Meade said, "Let me rise and walk a little." He put on his dressing-gown, and, with his arm around Bishop Johns's neck, took a few steps with so much difficulty that he begged to be put in bed again. When he lay down he said, "It is all over; my strength is gone; it is as good a time as any for me to die." For a few days more he suffered with quiet equanimity dreadful paroxysms of pain in the heart. "Read me," he said, "the history of the crucifixion;" upon which, his comment was, "Yes, six hours did our Lord suffer the intense agony of the cross for us, for our sins, and shall we complain of our sufferings? The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Bishop Meade's death was no more dramatic than his life. There was no death-bed scene, such as often occurs in the cases of some, who, under the influence of medical or moral anodynes, are sent with the song of victory on their lips to the church triumphant in heaven, who never fought the good fight of faith in the church militant on earth. As he followed our Lord in life, so he was called to follow him in death, — sustained by an unfaltering trust in that

> "sacrifice
> Renew'd in every pulse
> That on the tedious Cross
> Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
> The life-strings of that tender heart gave way."

On Tuesday morning he asked to be alone with Bishop Johns. He then said: —

I wish to bear my testimony to some things of importance.

The views of evangelical truth and order which I have advocated for fifty years I approve, and exhort my brethren, North

and South, to promote more than ever. My course in civil affairs I also approve, — resistance to Secession at first, till circumstances made it unavoidable. I trust the South will persevere in separation. I believe there are thousands in the North who condemn the course of their Administration towards us, and in time will express themselves openly.

The prospect of rest from sin and suffering is attractive, though I am willing to remain and take my part in the labors and trials which may be before us. My hope is in Christ — the Rock of Ages. I have no fear of death; and this not from my courage, but from my faith. The present seems a proper time for my departure. I am at peace with God, through Jesus Christ, my Lord, and in charity with all men, even our bitterest enemies. All that has ever been said in commendation of me I loathe and abhor, as utterly inconsistent with my consciousness of sin.

I commend you and all my brethren to the tender mercies of Christ, and pray for his blessing on the Church in Virginia.

Thursday evening he asked the time of day, and being told said, "Then I shall not see Richard;" meaning his son, the Rev. R. K. Meade, who had gone to Mountain View to bring away some valuable papers, before the tide of war overflowed his home. The only member of his immediate family with him was his grandson, William Meade, now Dr. Meade, of Philadelphia. General Lee called several times. His last visit was the day before the Bishop's death. He was much touched, and as he leaned over the bed, the Bishop laid his hand upon the General's head and said, "God bless you, Robert! I called you Robert when I heard you say your catechism, and so I call you now."

We will not intrude any farther into the chamber where the good man meets his fate, though it be "privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven." Let it suffice to conclude this scene in the words of Bishop Johns: "I witnessed his departure, and cried from the deep of my heart: 'My Father! My Father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.'"

The funeral took place from St. Paul's Church, and the body was deposited in a vault in Hollywood Cemetery. In the afternoon, the clergy passed appropriate resolutions. The body was afterwards interred with becoming religious rites in a lot in Hollywood. An appropriate monument of marble, imported from Italy, was raised over his remains; but both monument and remains have since been removed to the cemetery of the Theological Seminary of Virginia. The following is the epitaph: —

[South Face.]
Sacred to the memory of the Rt. Rev. Wm. Meade, D.D.,
Third Bishop of Virginia,
Born in Clarke Co., Va., Nov. 11, 1789,
Died in the City of Richmond, March 14, 1862.
[East End.]
Erected as a memorial of love and veneration
By the Protestant Episcopal Church of Va.
[North Face.]
Prominent in the revival of the Church after the Revolutionary War, he was the zealous defender of its purity, and the founder and liberal patron of the Theological Seminary of Virginia.
[West End.]
He lived for Christ, died in Christ, and we believe is with Christ.

The following sums were subscribed for paying for and improving the lot in Hollywood, and the erection of a monument; namely, William H. McFarland, John Stewart, John Lyddall Bacon, and Joseph R. Anderson, each $200 = $800; James Dunlop, Henry E. Baskerville, Mitchell & Tyler, William H. Hubbard, R. & R. S. Archer, William W. Haxall, Charles Minnegerode, Thomas R. Price, William F. Gray, Richard B. Haxall, William C. Rives, each $100 = $1100; Grace Church, Petersburg, Rev. Dr. Gibson, $531; Christ Church, Charlottesville, $160; other subscriptions from $25 to $50 each. Total $2901.

I cannot so well conclude this sketch as in the words of that accomplished gentleman and divine, the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, D.D., Bishop of Georgia, on whom Bishop Meade had laid his hands in consecration on February 28, 1841.

On Saturday, the first of March, I left Savannah for Richmond, and on Thursday, the sixth of March, united with the late presiding Bishop of the Confederate States and the Assistant Bishop of Virginia in the consecration of the Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, D.D., to the episcopate of Alabama. The solemnity of this act was deepened by the exceeding weakness of our late Right Reverend Father in God, Bishop Meade, which permitted him only to pronounce the words of consecration. It was the last act of his life, of his long and devoted life. He returned to his home from the church never to leave it again. In a week from the day upon which I bade him farewell he was taken to his rest in the bosom of God,—a rest he had longed for, and had well battled for. Truly might he say, in humble imitation of the great Apostle to the Gentiles: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." Thus has died one of the most remarkable men whom the Church has produced in these latter days.

I knew him well, having been connected with him, and studied him deeply; for his was a character to be studied. To those who looked upon him superficially, or crossed his path in the way of duty or discipline, he appeared but as a stern, unbending, uncompromising champion of the right and the true. To that point, it is conceded, he desired to bring himself; but it was because he felt within himself the stirring of high imaginations, of deep overpowering feelings, of intense aristocratic pride. He trampled upon them all; but at what cost and what struggle but few can understand. Raised up by God to leaven the Church, at a moment when that Church was full of coldness and erastianism, he felt that he must first school himself ere he could perform the work for which he had been anointed. And this he did unfalteringly and without any visible shrinking. Fearless by nature, frank by temperament, straightforward because he always aimed at noble ends, commanding through character, he turned all the qualities which would have made him a hero or a warrior into the channels of the Church, and fought for her against the world, the flesh, and the devil, as he would have fought for his country against her natural enemies. All really grand men stand very much alone; they become iso-

lated because few can comprehend them. And Bishop Meade was a great man, one of the heroes of faith; and it was only when you were privileged to know him in his moments of tenderness and softness, when sad memories gushed over him, or deep unutterable feelings forced themselves through the covering of grace, that you could appreciate how much the man had been absorbed into the Christian and the bishop. Would that we had more champions like him; then would the Church indeed appear in her power before the world, overcoming it as did her Lord, and not compromising with it for her own selfish ends. He was taken from us when we could, so far as human eye can see, but ill spare him. God knows he may have been taken from evil to come; for the tide of war had just reached his own door when his spirit took its everlasting flight.

As much importance is attached, in these times, to the physical features as well as the ancestral traits of the subjects of biography, it may be well to say that in his youth Mr. Meade was of slender frame and in delicate health, as the portrait of him when at Princeton, where he graduated, indicates. His hair was dark brown originally, and later of silver gray. His brow was capacious, and suggestive rather of a vigorous than of a brilliant mind. His eyes, in the first portrait and also in one taken when he was forty years of age, seem to be dark; but the recollection of those most familiar with him is that they were of steel gray, shaded with dark blue. The eye was his weak organ, failing always under hard study, and demanding rest. This weakness he thought a providential damper to his ambition, and reconciled him to it. His height was five feet ten inches and a half, and he was perfectly erect to the last. By much exercise in the open air, in manual labor, in long walks, and on horseback, his frame was developed into a manly and vigorous form, with great ability for labor, and with a happy unconsciousness of a nervous system, which made him, perhaps, a little intolerant of those who were painfully conscious of that possession. When asked how he felt in

a storm at sea, he calmly replied, "You know I was never nervous."

Bishop Meade's portrait at the Seminary in Alexandria is highly characteristic; it is also an illustration of his church views. His arm and hand rest upon the Holy Bible. By its side is the folio Opera Cranmeri; and conspicuous among other books, and the only one whose title is displayed, is Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, which represents more nearly than any one book, unless it be the Book of Common Prayer, Bishop Meade's views of the doctrine and discipline of the Church. Dr. William Wilmer, too, so efficient in the first measures for the restoration of the Church in Virginia, showed his appreciation of Hooker by naming his son, the present Bishop of Alabama, Richard Hooker.

The Protestant Episcopal Church never had a more loyal and loving son born within her bosom than Bishop Meade. If any one wishes to know his theory of the subject, they will find it in his Reasons for loving the Episcopal Church, published in 1852, and re-published recently, which is an able and loving exposition of the ground of his ardent attachment to its doctrine, discipline, and worship. If one wishes to see his faith tested by works, let him look at his life. When he made up his mind to study for the ministry, the Church in Virginia had so little vitality that there had been no convention from 1805 to 1811. He entered the ministry the very year (1811) in which a General Convention at New Haven, in which Virginia had no representative, reported "that they feared the Church in Virginia was so depressed that there was danger of her total ruin, unless great exertions, favored by the blessing of Providence, are employed to revive her." It was in this dark hour that this young man, only twenty-one years of age, turned his back upon the dazzling worldly prospects that the tempter set before him, preferring to suffer affliction with her than

to bow down to mammon, or set his sails to the popular religious breeze of the hour. When, feeling the need of a native ministry, he asked Chief Justice Marshall for a contribution to that end, that great and good man, while subscribing handsomely, said he feared it was unkind to tempt the young men of Virginia into the ministry of a Church which could never be revived. But Mr. Meade, believing that the Church was not dead, but torpid from the effect of the fetters by which she had been manacled to the State, and that what she needed for her restoration was warm "spiritual preaching and holy living," resolved to devote his life and fortune to her service. He lived to see her rise from the dust, as Devereux Jarratt had predicted, and put on her beautiful garments and become a power in the land; for she was never so prosperous as at the advent of the civil war.

The Bishop seems to have had no literary ambition. He wrote nothing for fame. He was too busy to have time for elaborating or giving a literary finish to his writings. He wrote nothing but to meet a present and pressing demand; and yet everything that proceeded from his pen was the fruit of anxious thought, careful investigation, and sufficient learning, and marked by strong practical common sense and vigorous argument. It has been well said that false doctrines will not wait to be corrected by ponderous folios or cumbrous quartos. The pamphlet, the tract, the occasional address, the weekly sermon, and the daily newspaper are the great instruments of moulding the doctrines of the Church and the country. The "word in season," of which Solomon understood the value, when he likened it to "apples of gold in pictures of silver," must arrest error, confirm faith, purify opinion, and commend morality and religion. Bishop Meade seems to have acted on this principle. His last and most elaborate work, The Bible and the Classics, — the fruit of wide and careful research, — was designed to meet what

seemed to him a pressing want in the schools, which he had tried for thirty years to get some one to supply, and among these the learned Mr. Faber in England. His other larger work, Old Churches and Families, was written in instalments for a magazine, and in the midst of his visitations and other preoccupations. This work is a valuable museum of facts within his own knowledge, and gathered from all accessible sources. Although he never had time to digest and reduce it to method, it fills what without it would be a "hiatus valde deflendus." It has errors of course, from the mistakes of his informers, of the copyists, and the press, as all such books have. These in process of time will be corrected; and it will be revised, enlarged, methodized, and illustrated. But in the mean time it will remain a monument of his wonderful personal knowledge and acquirements in this line. The present writer was the first to publish a parish history on the basis of the vestry books and registers. After printing Bristol Parish (1846) and St. George's Parish (1847), his health failed, and in 1856 Bishop Meade commenced his series, incorporating the two foregoing histories into his larger work.

LINEAGE OF BISHOP WILLIAM MEADE.

The Meade * family (anciently rendered Meagh) is one of the oldest in Ireland. Andrew [1] Meade, of this lineage, who was, it is believed, in faith a Romanist, emigrated from County Kerry to America near the close of the seventeenth century. He landed in New York, where he married Mary Latham, of Flushing, a member of the Society of Friends, and after a residence of five years moved to Virginia, and located in Nansemond County, where he died in 1745, leaving issue: —

1. Priscilla [2]: Married Wilson Curle, of Hampton.

2. David [2]: Born 1690; died 1737; married Susanna, daughter of Sir Richard Everard † of Bromfield Hall, County Essex, England, and

* William Meade, of this family, was consecrated Bishop of Kildare in 1540, and was a Privy Councillor to Henry VIII.

† Sir Richard Everard (died February 17, 1733), son of Sir Hugh Everard (born

Governor of North Carolina, and his wife Susanna, daughter of Richard Kidder (died November, 1703), Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was heiress of large estates in England. Issue: —

1. Anne [3]: Married Richard Randolph, of Curles, James River.

2. David [3]: Married a daughter of Col. William Waters, of Williamsburg, Virginia; lived first at "Mayeux," and later at "Chaumiere," Kentucky, both seats being noted for the beauty of the grounds attached. They had a numerous issue, whose descendants are scattered through the Western States.

3. Mary [3]: Married Colonel Walker.

4. Richard Kidder [3]: Colonel and aid to General Washington in the Revolution; born July 14, 1746; died February 9, 1805, of gout; married, 1765, Jane, daughter of Richard Randolph, of Curles, who died without issue. He married, 2d, December 10, 1780, Mary, daughter of Benjamin and Bettie* (Fitzhugh) Grymes, and granddaughter of John† and Lucy‡ (Ludwell) Grymes, and widow of William Randolph, of Chatsworth, Virginia. She was born November 9, 1753; and died June 16, 1813.

5. Everard [3]: Aid to General Benjamin Lincoln, and subsequently known as General Meade.

6. Andrew [3]: Settled in Brunswick County, Virginia.

7. John [3]: Died in infancy.

Issue of Colonel Richard Kidder [3] and Mary (Grymes-Randolph) Meade: —

1. Anne Randolph [4]: Born December 3, 1781; married March 23, 1799, Matthew Page, of Frederick County, Virginia.

2. Richard Kidder [4]: Born February 18, 1784; died February 26, 1833; married December 19, 1815.

3. William Fitzhugh [4]: Died in infancy.

4. Susanna [4]: Born March 9, 1788; died October 2, 1823.

1655; died January, 1706, — son of Sir Richard Barrington Everard, born 1624; died August, 1694) and Mary, daughter of John Brown, M.D.

* Bettie Fitzhugh, daughter of William and Lucy (daughter of Robert, son of John and Sarah (Ludlow) Carter) Fitzhugh. The wife of Robert Carter was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Mary Landon. William Fitzhugh was the son of William and Mary (or Anne Lee) Fitzhugh, and grandson of William and —— (Tucker) Fitzhugh, and of Richard (born 1647; died 1714) and Lettice (daughter of Henry Corbin) Lee.

† John Grymes, born 1693; died November 2, 1748, Receiver-General of Virginia; son of John Grymes (died 1708) and Alice, daughter of Lawrence and Sarah (Warner, sister of Augustine Warner) Townley.

‡ Lucy Ludwell, daughter of Philip and Hannah (Harrison — daughter of Benjamin Harrison) Ludwell, and grand-daughter of Philip and Lucy Ludwell, from County Somerset, England, Governor of North Carolina, 1693–1697. Philip Ludwell married, secondly, Lady Francis, widow of Sir William Berkeley.

5. WILLIAM[4]: Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia; born November 11, 1789; died March 14, 1862; married, 1st, January 31, 1810, Mary, daughter of Philip and Sarah (Burwell) Nelson, of Frederick, Virginia, who died in 1817. He married, 2d, December 16, 1820, Thomasia, daughter of Thomas and Fanny Nelson, of Yorktown and Hanover, who died July 26, 1836.

Issue of Bishop William[4] and Mary (Nelson) Meade: —

1. PHILIP NELSON[5]: Born December 19, 1810; died in 1872.

2. RICHARD KIDDER[5]: Minister Protestant Episcopal Church, Charlottesville, Virginia; born October 31, 1812.

3. FRANCIS BURWELL,[5] of Clarke County: Born August 23, 1815.

One of Bishop Meade's sons, Rev. R. K. Meade, and four of his grandsons — Rev. W. H. Meade, D.D., of Philadelphia, Rev. F. A. Meade, of West Virginia, Rev. Everard Meade, of Virginia, and Rev. P. N. Meade, of Maryland — are in the ministry, and a fifth grandson is a candidate for orders.

I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Walker, of the Theological Seminary, for the following list of Bishop Meade's writings.

1. Second Annual Report of the Bible Society of Frederick County, Virginia. Printed by order of the Society. Winchester: 1815.

2. Sermon at the Opening of the Virginia Convention, at Winchester, May 20, 1818.

3. A Sermon on the Death of the Rev. Oliver Norris. Preached in Christ Church, Alexandria, September 18, 1825.

4. Sermon on the Death of the Rev. John Dunn, Rector of Shelbourne parish, Loudoun County. Published in the Theological Repertory.

5. Sermon delivered in the Rotunda of the University of Virginia, on Sunday, May 24, 1829, on the occasion of the death of nine young men, who fell victims to the diseases which visited that place during the summer of 1828, and the following winter.

6. A Sermon at the Opening of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Petersburg, May 15, 1828.

7. A Sermon on Confirmation. Preached in Winchester, December 12, 1834.

8. Pastoral Letter on the duty of affording religious instruction to those in bondage. Alexandria: 1839.

9. Sermons, Dialogues, and Narratives for Servants. To be read to them in families, abridged, altered, and adapted to their condition chiefly. Richmond: 1834.

10. Sermon (Connected with the Temperance Cause). Preached before the Convention in Staunton, May, 1834. Published by request of the same. Richmond: 1835.

11. Sermon preached at the Opening of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, September 5, 1838.

12. Sermon to the Students of the Theological Seminary near Alexandria. Published by their request. Washington: 1839.

13. The Wisdom, Moderation, and Charity of the English Reformers, and Fathers of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. A sermon preached before the Students of the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Virginia, February 5, 1840. Washington.

14. Sermon before the Students of the High School, in the Prayer Hall of the Theological Seminary, February 16, 1840.

15. Ditto. October 3, 1840.

16. Sermon delivered at the Consecration of the Right Rev. Stephen Elliott, D.D., for the Diocese of Georgia, in Christ Church, Savannah. With an appendix on the rule of Faith; in which the opinions of the Oxford Divines, and others agreeing with them, are considered, and some of the consequences thereof set forth. Washington: 1841.

17. Life of the Rev. Devereux Jarratt. By himself. Abridged by Bishop Meade. With a sermon of Mr. Jarratt's on Justification.

18. Family Prayers. Collected from the Sacred Scriptures, the Book of Common Prayer, and the works of Bishop Wilson. 1834.

19. Religious Education of Children.

20. The Law of Proportion in the Church of God, considered in a Pastoral Address. 1843.

21. The Doctrines of the Episcopal Church not Romish. An Address to the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Lynchburg, May 16, 1844.

22. A Tract on the Ministry. For the Episcopal Tract Society of Virginia. An answer to the question, "What does the Protestant Episcopal Church believe and set forth concern-

ing the ministry?" Extracted from the Book of Common Prayer, the writings of the Rev. William Goode, and the Rev. George Stanley Faber.

23. A Tract for the Times.

24. A Brief Review of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, from its establishment to the present time; being part of an address to the Convention in Fredericksburg, May 22, 1845.

25. Tract on Industry. Being one of the Homilies, with a sermon on the same subject (preached and published in 1838). Alexandria: 1845.

26. Two Letters to the Board of Managers and Executive Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union. 1847.

27. Pastoral Letter of the House of Bishops. 1847.

28. Address to the Episcopalians of Western Virginia, on the proposition to divide the Diocese, etc. 1851.

29. Wilberforce, Cranmer, Jewett, and the Prayer Book on the Incarnation. 1850.

30. Letters to a Mother, on the birth of a child, etc. 1849.

31. Explanation of the Church Catechism. Chiefly from the Catechism by the Rev. James Stillingfleet, Jr., with an Appendix. 1849.

32. Review of a Work entitled "The Doctrine of the Church of England as to the Effects of Baptism in the Case of Infants." With an Appendix. 1849.

33. Ecclesiastical Law and Discipline. A charge to the Clergy of Virginia. 1850.

34. Remarks on a Pamphlet concerning a Canon on Lay Discipline. Passed at the Convention recently held in Alexandria. 1850.

35. Companion of the Font and Pulpit. 1846.

36. Pastoral Letter to the Congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Virginia. 1847.

37. Statement in Reply to Some Parts of "Bishop Onderdonk's Statement of Facts connected with his Trial." 1845.

38. Reasons for Loving the Episcopal Church. 1852.

39. A Counter-Statement of the Case of Bishop H. U. Onderdonk, in reply to one signed "A Member of the Church." 1854.

40. Pastoral Letter on Schools and Teaching. 1858.

41. Pastoral to Laity of the Episcopal Church in Virginia. (Without date.)

42. Sermon on the Opening of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, in the fifty-first year of his ministry and the thirty-second of his Episcopate. Published by order of the Convention. 1861.

43. Lecture on the Pastoral Office, delivered to the Students, etc. 1849.

44. Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia. 1857.

45. The Bible and the Classics. 1861.

46. Address on the Day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer. June 13, 1861.

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